

The Random Jottings o Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle

Never trust any-one who says to you.
Trust Me.

In whispered tones, a tempting plea, "Trust me," they say, a plea so free. Yet caution whispers, a gentle decree, For trust is earned, not given with glee.

Beneath the surface, intentions may hide, In the depths of promises, secrets reside. A mask may veil, motives they bide, In the realm of trust, let skepticism guide.

Actions speak louder, let them unfold, In the tale of trust, let truth be told. For hollow words, like autumn leaves, grow old, While deeds of substance, like roots, take hold.

So guard your heart, let wisdom be near, In the dance of trust, hold doubt ever near. For those who prove genuine, sincere, Shall find in their actions, trust crystal clear.

Never trust any-one who says to you, "Trust me," without deeds that ring true. In the symphony of faith, let authenticity brew, And discover in genuine souls, a trust that's tried and true.

By Donald Jay.